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MOUNTAIN MISSIONS.
THE TRUTH ABOUT THE "POOR
WHITES" OF THE HILL COUNTRY.

A Southern Clergyman Refutes the Charge
That Ignorance and Squallor Are Preva-
lent to Any Remarkable Degree in the
Mountain Districts.

Sectionalists who desire to create for
themselves a field of operations and an
income in a charming and healthful
southern climate not infrequently write
very touching articles for the northern
press on the deplorable condition of the
"mountain whites" of the south and the
need of "mission work" among them.

Such persons, in descriptions of life
among the mountaineers of western North
Carolina and east Tennessee, "vile on
the agony" in a marvelous manner. Some-
times they do it with an utter disregard
for the truth. They represent the excep-
tion to be the rule, and picture scenes
and conditions common enough in parts
of the north and west perhaps, large
cities as well as country places, but very
rare among the people of the Appalachian
region of the south. One would think
from their accounts that the southern
mountains were swarming with cave
dwellers. The aim seems to be to per-
petuate the ideas of that class of philan-
thropists who find a peculiar pleasure in
contemplating poverty, ignorance and
degradation in the south since the civil
war.

Not long since The Sun noticed an ap-
pel of this sort for aid to "mission work
for mountain whites," showing that it
was in effect a libel upon the people it
professed to describe. Any person fa-
miliar with the Appalachian region of the
south would see at a glance how ab-
surd the whole thing was. The Christian
Union for Dec. 31, 1892, contains a letter
from Rev. D. Atkins, a Methodist minis-
ter of Hendersonville, N. C., which com-
pletely demolishes the "mountain white"
myth. Mr. Atkins will be conceded to
know what he is writing about. He was
born and reared in the alleged God for-
saken region of poverty, ignorance, vice
and degradation. He entered college
there, entered the ministry there and
spent 17 years there as minister and
teacher.

"As a Methodist minister," he says, "I
have gone into the most out of the way
places and mingled freely with all sorts
of people in 20 counties of North Caro-
lina and Virginia and in nearly all the
worst parts of east Tennessee. I have
visited these people at their homes, have
eaten with them, slept in their houses
and seen them in every condition." Yet
Mr. Atkins has not once beheld the slum
scenes Mrs. Paddock described in a
recent number of The Christian Union.
"Your correspondent," he says, "must
have found some secluded spot I never
saw, for in all my travels I never saw
the things she writes of, and it seems
strange that I should not even have
heard of such things in all these years.
There is poverty here and ignorance, too,
but neither is in that prevalent form you
would suppose from the article of Mrs.
Paddock. You might live here an age
and never hear of such savage and weird
funeral customs as Professor Bemis, an
other correspondent writing from the
south, told your readers about."

The situation is not such as was de-
scribed by The Union's correspondents.
Putting it in a nutshell, Mr. Atkins says
of Mrs. Paddock's picture: "She has pre-
sented the very worst possible case that
could be found in the remotest part, and
made it a sample of all the 2,000,000 here,
so that if any one should receive an im-
pression from such writing he would sup-
pose no other kind of people could be
found here."

As a matter of fact, the "mountain
whites" are not a distinct class. Their
ancestors, says Mr. Atkins, were not out-
laws, but pioneers from the coast coun-
try. They generally own their farms and
make a comfortable living. To say they
live in a hovel is absurd. There is lit-
tle wealth and not as much luxury as
might be, but the people live decently.
There are some log houses, three-fourths
of which have windows. None are plas-
tered with mud, as alleged, or without
wooden floors. But few have only one
room. Generally the houses are quite
comfortable. All have good open fire
places. Fuel is abundant and costs nothing,
so that the correspondent's story of
children "covering their limbs with warm
ashes to keep from freezing" is specially
absurd. The people, Mr. Atkins affirms,
are already religious and moral. They ob-
serve Sunday and attend Sunday school.
There is scarcely a district where there is
not a school for at least three months in
the year. Few persons are unable to read
and write, and such cases are so rare as
to excite surprise among the neighbors.

As respects the girls who were de-
scribed as overworked and vicious, Mr.
Atkins says not one in a hundred would
know herself by that description. "The
common virtues," he says—"charity,
honesty, truthfulness, etc.—are rather
more prevalent than in other sections I
have seen. The girls are healthy, strong
and full of spirit. They marry at a good
age, make excellent wives and mothers,
and do much less hard work than their
sisters of the north and west," and Mr.
Atkins spent four years in the west.
They do not work in the field. It is by
no means, says the writer, "the custom
of the country. Home life is as pure as
it is anywhere I have been." In a word,
the "mountain white," with his abysmal
degradation, is a myth and needs no
"mission."

In Memory of Columbus.
A public library has been founded in
Panama in commemoration of the 400th
anniversary of the discovery of America.
Three hundred volumes were provided
to start the library, and 800 more were
donated by the Society Progresso del
Istmo.—New York Evening Sun.

Might Try It.
Mrs. Binks—Do you believe that story
about a young woman swallowing a
razor?
Mr. Binks—Well, I dunno. Perhaps
some one told her that razors were good
for the complexion.—New York Weekly.

A Valuable Cook.
Know-it—My cook is a treasure.
Wanton—You're in better luck
than most people then.
Know-it—I want't till lately. You see,
she had a row with the grocer, and to re-
venge herself she is very saving with the
groceries. The bill is only half what it
used to be.—Exchange.

A Lawyer's Defense.
Your honor and gentlemen of the jury,
I acknowledge the reference of counsel
of the other side to my gray hair. My
hair is gray, and it will continue to be
gray as long as I live. The hair of that
gentleman is black and will continue to
be black as long as he lives.—Exchange.

A Cabman's Retort.
Incapable Old Gentleman (putting head
out of 4-wheeler that is crawling along
at an unconscionable pace)—I say, cab-
by, we're not going to a funeral.
Cabby (promptly)—No, and we ain't
going to be bloomin' fire either.—London
Tit-Bits.

In a list of 162 different firms and pro-
fessional people who were engaged in
business in Bay City, Mich., 29 years ago
there is not one but who has undergone
a change either in name or in partner-
ship.

It does not seem possible to emphasize
too strongly the importance, which in-
deed amounts to a necessity, of freeing
the body of some of its waste products
by physical exercise performed daily.

Photographers have begun to use
storage battery plants, which operate a
ruby colored incandescent light in the
darkroom, and the effect on their health
has been very beneficial.

The Tahitian when discovered was as
uncivilized as the Papuan now is, yet
the former approached as near positive
beauty as the latter does to positive
ugliness.

A PRISON AND PALACE.
Behold the tall and lambent spire
Irradiate with sunset fire.
These windows emit, with twilight beams,
With evening's iridescent gleams,
How they reflect the early light,
The mingling gold and lacinite,
And how those tall transparent towers
Bloom 'neath the night like granite flowers
How grandly lift you burnished dome
A dizzy shape of fire and foam!
"What are the buildings, friend?" said I.
"That loom against the eastern sky,
And dashed with many a smouldering gleam
Look like the palace of a dream!"

"Them buildings, boss," the man replied—
A sly smile in his features pale—
"You just lookout you keep outside,
Them buildings is the county jail."

Pained at this ending of my dream,
This anticlimax to my theme,
I found a poet for my pain
In this wise moralizing strain:
We all live in a county jail
When lowering doors are not scaled,
Though firmly, all in vain, we press
Against its granite sturdiness.
Dull, cold as fate, its walls are
And shut our vision from the skies,
But when hope's sunlight falls upon
Its thick and heavy walls of stone,
They loom against the coming night,
Transfigured in a mystic light,
And, bathed in gold and amethyst,
The granite grows soft and gleaming.
Transformed becomes the culprit's jail,
And from its towers cloud banners fling
Their gorgeous tinsles to the gale—
It is a palace of a king!

—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

Bride Hunting For Bridegroom.
A policeman at Portobello on going
his rounds very early one morning dis-
covered a young man on the roof of a
low building, and naturally believing him
to be a burglar seized him. He was
surprised on seeing that he was evidently
in his best clothes, and still more so
when searching for burglar's tools he
found only a piece of bride cake. The
captive offering no explanation the officer
was puzzled. Suddenly a party of
young women—a bride and bridesmaid
—approached in an excited state. They
were evidently searching for some valua-
ble which had been lost. On catching
sight of the culprit there was a shout of
"Why, here he is!" The poor bride
seemed greatly moved.

During the marriage festivities he had
for some unexplained reason slipped
away from the scene, and his friends
had divided into parties, searching high
and low for the runaway. They were
naturally greatly astonished that he had
preferred a cold roof in winter time to
the society of his charming bride. With-
out any more fuss they took possession
of the fugitive from matrimony, who
looked somewhat depressed, and bore
him away in triumph.—Sootsmann.

A New Illustrated Sunflower.
Sir Robert Ball tells an amusing anec-
dote illustrating Moore's words, "The
sunflower turns to her god when he sets
the same look that she turned when he
rose." An explorer, he said, intent on
proving the truth or otherwise of this the-
ory, took out a sunflower seed to the arctic
regions and planted it there. In the
course of time the plant came up and flow-
ered vigorously—just, however, at the
season when the sun never sets in the arctic
circle; so the poor sunflower, true to
its nature, followed the process of the
sun, expecting it to disappear at night in
the ordinary course, but as the sun did not
set at all, the flower strained itself round
and round until it twisted its own head off.

A Deathbed Scene.
A Scotch lad of 30 died, leaving a wid-
owed mother, a sister and two brothers
younger than himself. He had been their
main support, and while dying was full of
anxiety as to what should become of
them. His last words were, holding the
hand of the brother next to himself in
years and looking at the poor sobbing
woman, "Try and do as well's ye can."
—Twenty-five Years of St. Andrew's.

Dimensions of the Coliseum.
The largest single structure in the
world for audience and spectacular pur-
poses is the Coliseum at Rome. It is in
the form of an ellipse. Its long diameter
is 615 feet, its short, 310; the height of the
outer wall, 164. The arena is 281
feet long by 178 broad. The tiers of seats
accommodate 100,000 spectators.—St.
Louis Globe-Democrat.

One Form of City Charity.
A grocer complains bitterly because
wealthy patrons of his establishment
send tramps and paupers there with
notes saying, "Mr. B—, give this man a
pound of crackers and a box of sardines,"
or "the bearer would like four bundles
of kindling and a pound of coffee." The
applicant gets the stuff because the
grocer wants to retain the custom of
those who send them and who have not
the slightest intention of paying for
goods thus given away. "It's pretty
cheap charity for these rich people to en-
gage in," says he, "but my experience is
that it hurts a rich man worse to give
up a dollar than it does a poor man."
—New York Sun.

The keenest race in Asia, as all who
know them assert, the strongest in char-
acter, the Chinese, is decidedly the ugliest
of semicivilized mankind, while the
Hindoo, if sufficiently fed, is even when
as ignorant as an animal almost unwar-
rable handsome.—Million.

Too Many Entertainments.
Little Daughter—Say mamma, won't
you take me to Cousin Jane's funeral?
Mamma—No, pettie. You went to the
matinee yesterday and a party last night.
You mustn't have too many entertain-
ments at a time. You don't want to give
yourself up entirely to mirth and frivol-
ity.—Texas Siftings.

The Memory of Villains.
Although the world is said to know
nothing of its greatest men, it has al-
ways had an unaccountable and it would
seem inevitable propensity for retaining
remembrance of the very worst speci-
mens of humanity, and it is really ques-
tionable whether the laurel of the con-
queror and the bays of the poet are, in
the long run, quite so certain of enduring
fame as the halos which have attended
the most notorious of scoundrels. The
French have not forgotten those old
time villains Cartouche and Mandrin,
while in England Dick Turpin and his
apocryphal ride to York have not passed
from the public memory.

The exploits of Jack Sheppard as a
burglar and prison breaker turn up
from time to time in the public prints,
and it is an almost scandalous fact that
quite modern fashionable dressmakers
have devised a costume named after
Claude Duval, a rascal in whose career
there is not one single picturesque or
romantic feature beyond the dubious
story that he once refrained from steal-
ing the jewels of a lady whose coach he
had stopped on condition that she would
slight from her equipage and dance a
coranto with him. The variety was a
discharged footman of the Duchess of
Portsmouth, and, taking the highway,
was in due course of time caught, con-
victed and hanged at Tyburn. Yet
somehow or another it seems next to
the impossible to bury the memory of
these and similar malefactors in obliv-
ion.—Boston Herald.

Left in One Car in One Month.
A brown paper parcel of goodly pro-
portions was turned in at the lost article
bureau of the Wagner Palace Car com-
pany a few days ago, the contents of
which gave a fair idea of the kind of ar-
ticles that the travelers on the rail leave
behind them in their forgetfulness. The
bundle aforesaid contained the collection
of lost articles made by the conductor of
one sleeping car for a month. The vari-
ety of articles thus accumulated was
amusing as well as interesting. When
the bundle was opened on the broad ta-
ble in the lost article bureau, the first
thing that rolled out was a silver han-
dled shaving brush. There was no ac-
companying razor, the owner probably
having remembered to put that useful
instrument back in his satchel. A full
set of false teeth nestled cozily in a clas-
per of false hair and a small copy of the
Episcopal prayer book were found, al-
though the latter was somewhat soiled
against a neat leather covered pocket
flask. Of toothbrushes and hairbrushes
and combs there were half a dozen each.

Other things in this odd collection in-
cluded a baby's milk bottle, a pair of
ladies' slippers, one patent leather shoe
once worn by a man, a woolen under-
shirt, manicure set, a Russian morocco
case, two or three empty portmonnaies,
and, most singular of all, a dainty little
bonnet so attractive in form and color
that it is a wonder how any woman
could have forgotten it.—New York
Times.

Hunting For an Old Man.
In the biography of Dr. Norman Mac-
Leod there is an amusing account given
of a visit he paid to one of the Western
islands to see a man who was celebrated
in the district for his great age. The
doctor found an old man (we can only
quote from memory) sitting on a bench
outside the house and gave him the usual
greeting, "I heard that you were a very
wonderful old man, and I've come to see
you." "It'll be my father you want to
see," said the old man of the bench. So
the visitor went inside, and there, sit-
ting over the peat fire, was a very old man
indeed, bent and doubled up, but still
for all that, with all his wits about him.

"Good day to you," said the good doc-
tor. "I have heard about you, a very
wonderful old man, and I've come to see
you." Then he, too, declined the invita-
tion and pointed with his stick to the
"ben" of the house. "It'll be my father
you want to see," said this old man of
the fireside. So there in the "ben" the
original Simon Pure was discovered at
last, a very, very ancient old man in-
deed, as may well be imagined.—Mac-
millan's Magazine.

Leopard Shooting.
Mr. Simson writes thus: "I consider
that exposure to a leopard on foot, with
due precaution and a proper weapon, is
only a fair sporting risk, and accidents
are not very frequent. The amateur din-
ner was in every way a success, but none
of the cocks achieved a greater triumph
than the one whose practical experience
showed to the others the common sense
method of peeling onions.—New York
Herald.

Helping on a Good Cause.
Philanthropist—I am exerting myself
in behalf of a worthy object, and my
first thought was to come to you for as-
sistance.
Scribe (the writer)—Well, sir, I am
willing to assist by tongue or pen.
Philanthropist—We would be pleased
to have you use your pen in our aid.
Scribe (flattered)—My services are at
your command.
Philanthropist—Thank you, sir. Now
please put your pen and assist your la-
borer in this subscription paper, and you
can pay the 5 guineas at your conven-
ience.
Scribe (in changed tone)—Oh!—Lon-
don Tit-Bits.

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